King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrel?

Tir. Iames *Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

King. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.

King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And

And soone Ile rid you from the
King. Thou singst sweet musi
Go by that token, rise and lend th
Tis no more but so, say, is it done
And I will loue thee, and preferr
Tir. Tis done my gracious Lo
King. Shall we heare from the

Enter Buck

Tir. Yea my good Lord.
Buc. My Lord, I haue consid
The late demand that you did so
King. Well let that passe, *Dor*
Buc. I heare that newes my Lo
King. *Stanly*, he is your wiues
Buc. My Lord I claime your
For which your honor and your
The Earledome of *Herford* and t
The which you promised I shou
King. *Stanly* looke to your wi
Letters to *Richmond* you shall an
Buc. What sayes your High
King. As I remember *Henry*
Did prophesie that *Richmond* sho
When *Richmond* was a little peeu
A King perhaps, perhaps.
King. How chance the Prop
Haue told me, I being by, that I
Buc. My Lord, your promise
King. *Richmond*, when last I w
The Maior in curtesie shewed m
And called it Ruge-mount, at w
Because a Bard of *Ireland* told n
I should not liue long after I saw
Buc. My Lord.
King. I, whats a clocke?
Buck. I am thus bold to put
Of what you promise me.
King. Well, but whats a cloc
Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.

I

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G